

no. 1.

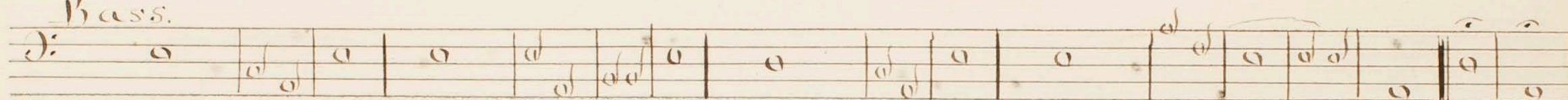
Buss.





# Star of Bethlehem.

Bass.



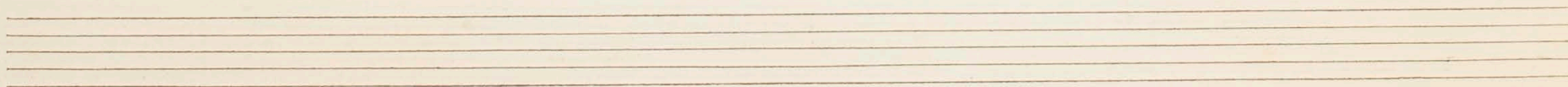
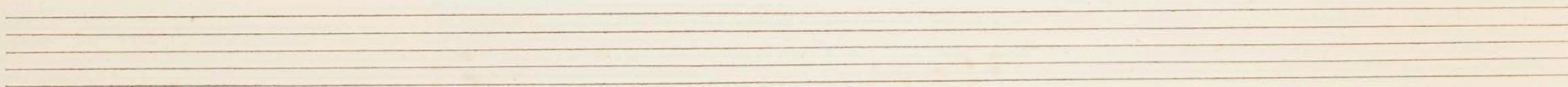
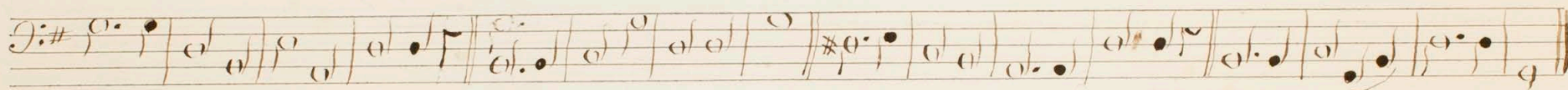
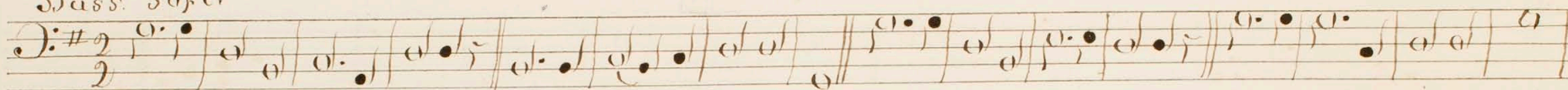
## THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host be- | stud the | sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the | sinner's | wandering | eye.  
 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from | ev'ry | gem;  
 But one alone the Savior speaks,—  
 It is the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode;  
 The storm was loud, the | night was | dark,  
 The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd  
 The wind that | toss'd my | foundering | bark:  
 Deep horror then my vitals froze,  
 Death-struck, I ceas'd the | tide to | stem;  
 When suddenly a star arose,—  
 It was the | Star, the | Star of | Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all:  
 It made my dark fore- | bodings | cease;  
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It | led me.. to the | port of | peace.  
 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, | first.. in night's | diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The | Star! the | Star of | Bethlehem!

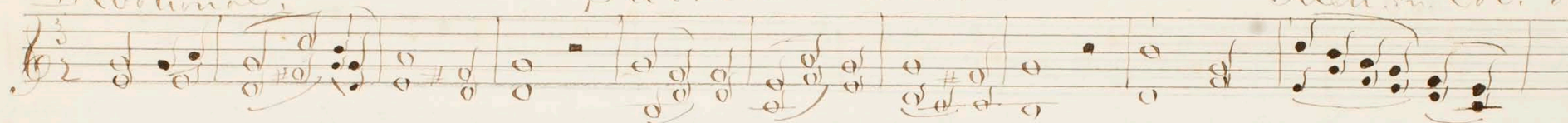
H. K. WHITE.

ITALY  $\delta_s$  &  $\gamma_s$  DOUBLE.*Mass. soft.*

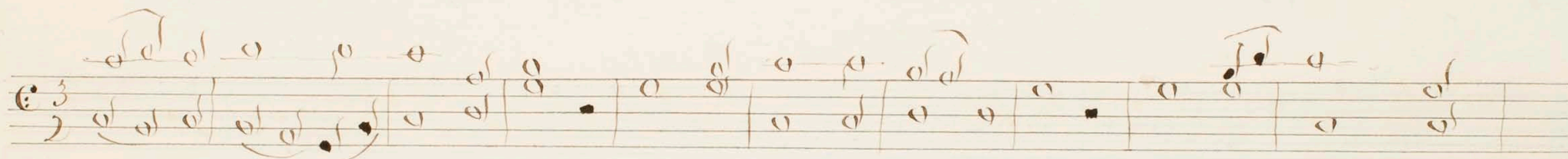


Devotional,

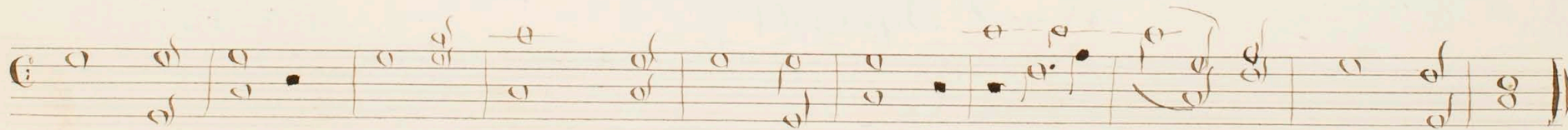
## Sacred Call.

J. Mendel, Berne, Switzerland,  
Men. on. Vol. 323.

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my faith your choice; I will guide you



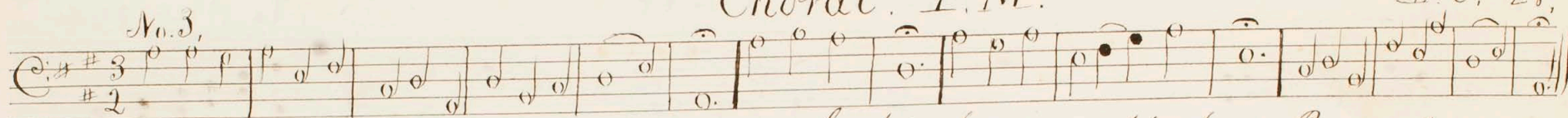
to your home; Weary pilgrim, hither come, Weary pilgrim, hither come.



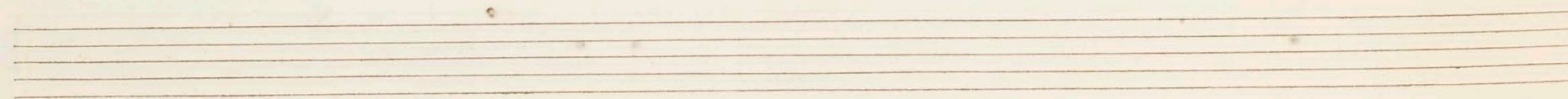
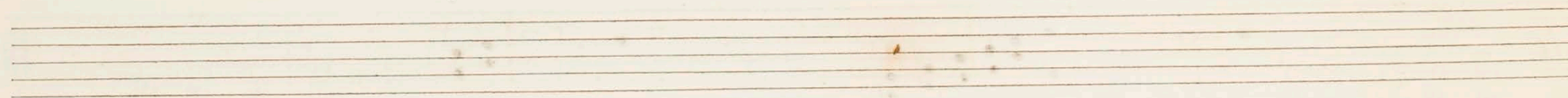
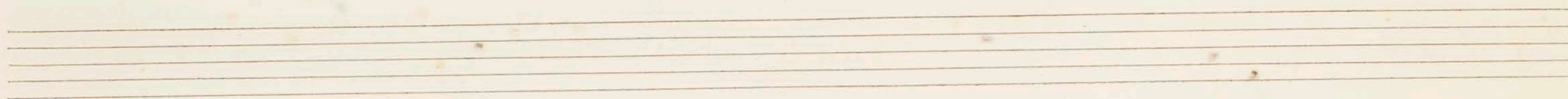


# Choral. P.M.

B.C. 28,



Father, we worship thee throned in thy glory; O hear us; Hear the glad strain, Gushing from our grateful hearts, Praising thy goodness O hear us,  
 Father, we come to the throne of thy mercy; O hear us; Bow down thine ear, And while our voices we blend, In supplication, O hear us,  
 Joyous we send forth our loud song of triumph; O hear us; From thy high heaven, Hear our full chorus of praise, God in thy glory, O hear us

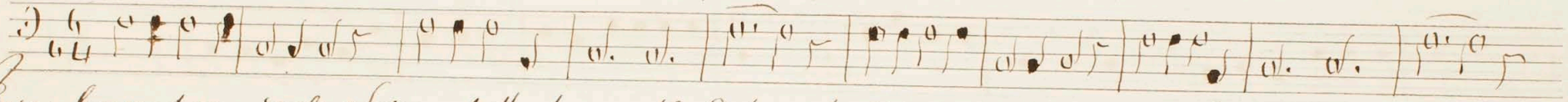




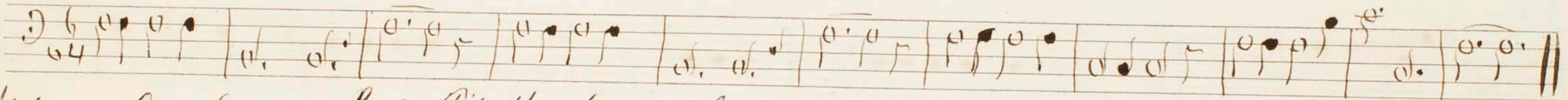
84 52.

Trusa.

Martin. 7s. Double.



Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high

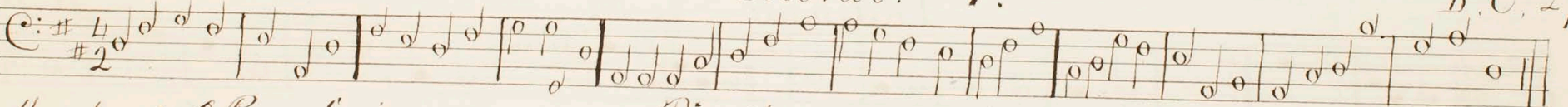


Hide me O my Saviour hide, Till the storm of life is past, Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last

No. 5.

Choral. 7s.

B. C. 27.

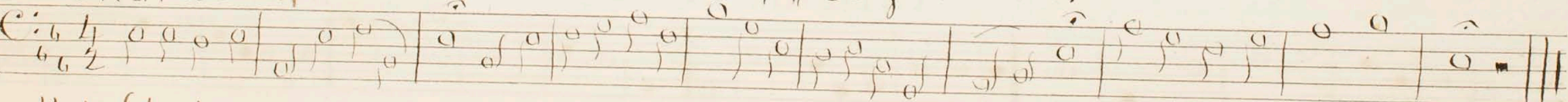


O holy church, O Power divine  
Cause thy glorious face to shine  
Till the nations, from afar  
Hail her as the guiding star - Hail her be  
Till her sons from zone to zone,  
Make thy great salvation known

Choral. Soft

Weigl. 8s. & 7s.

A. H. 254.



Holy Ghost

Cease ye murmers cease to languish,

Over the grave of those you love,

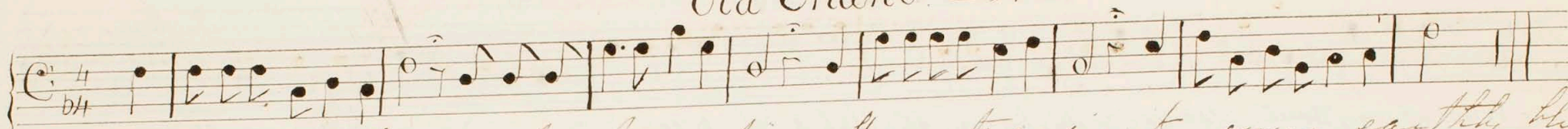
Pain and death and night and anguish,

Enter not the world above,



old Chant. I. M.

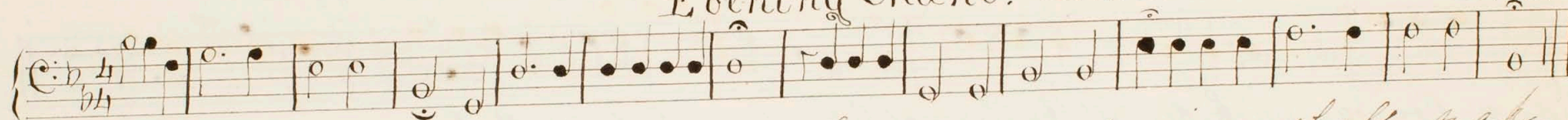
A. H.



How vain is all beneath the skies How transient every earthly bliss  
How slender all the fondest ties That bind us to a world like this

Evening Chant. L.M.

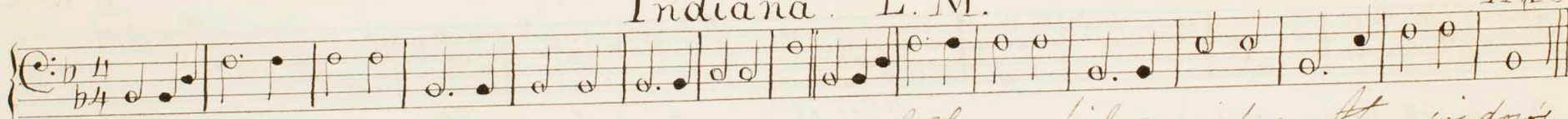
A. H.



Thus far the Lord hath led me on } And every evening shall make known  
Thus far his power prolongs my days } Some fresh memorial of his praise.

Indiana. L.M.

A. M. H.

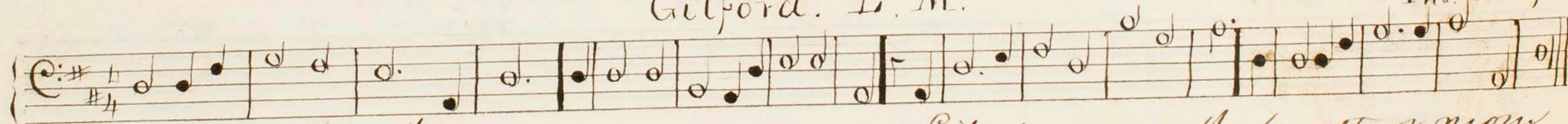


What is the man whose tender care  
Relieves the poor in their distress

Whose pity wipes the widow's tear  
Whose hand supports the fatherless

Gilford. L. M.

Ins. Col. p. 40.

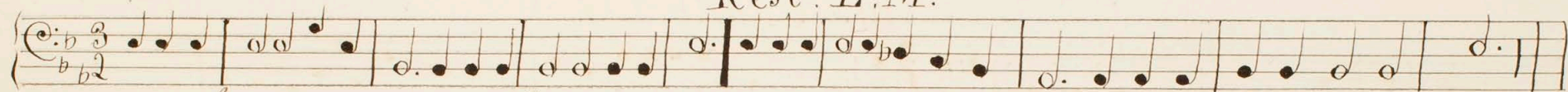


Father of mercies at the dawn  
I'll pay my early vows to thee

3 Like incense on the breath of morn  
My heart-felt praise to heav'n shall be



Rest. L. M.

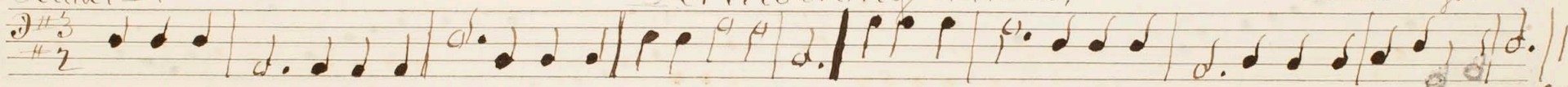


A sleep in Jesus; blest sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep,  
A calm & undisturb'd repose, the broken by the last of foes.

Mod. P.

Armstrong T. M.

Hastings.

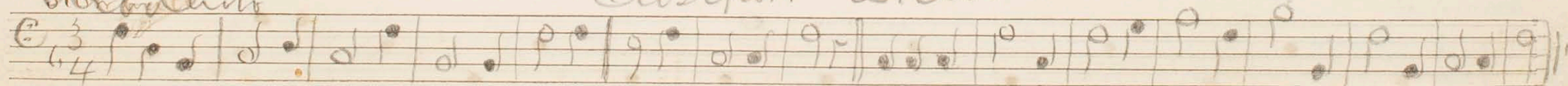


Dear Jesus when, when shall it be } When will this war of passion cease  
That I no more shall break with thee, } and I enjoy a lasting peace.



Stoughton

Eastport L. M.





## The Departed T.M.

Men. &amp; Sol.

*Slow and soft.*

Here midnight care disturbs our rest, Here sorrow dims the noonday sun  
 O stay thy tears; for they are blest, Whose days are past, Whose toil is done, Here sorrow dims the noonday sun.

## BLANTFORD, T.M.

Chime 48.

*Rather Fast.*

The heavens declare thy glory Lord, In every star thy wisdom shines; But when our eyes behold thy word, We read thy name in—

—fairer lines.

*unison*

## Louvain T.M.

Chime 73.

*Moderato*

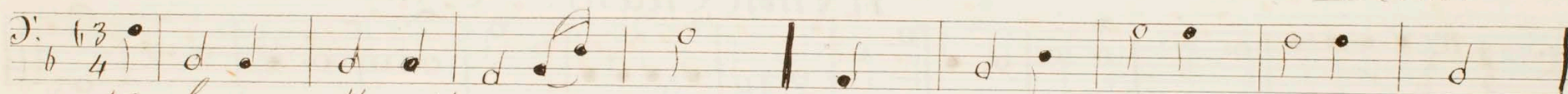
There's nothing bright above, below, From flowers that bloom to stars that glow, But in its light my soul can see, Some <sup>of the Duty,</sup> glimpses <sup>features</sup>





No 25 L.M.

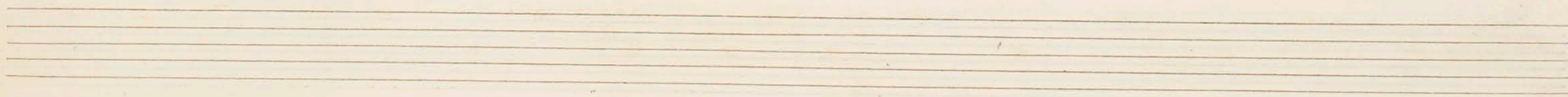
Bethoven Col.



My God my King thy various praise Shall fill the remnant of my days



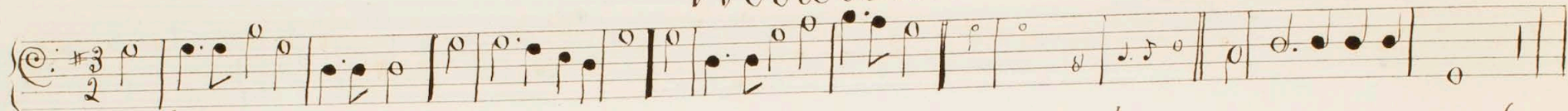
Thy grace employ my humble tongue Till death or glory raise the song





## Woodland. C.M.

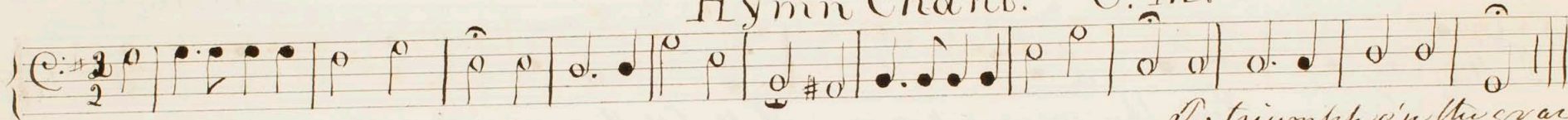
No. Ch. Har.



There is a hour of peaceful rest } There is a joy for souls distressed  
 To mourning wanderers given } A balm for every wounded breast 'Tis found alone in heaven

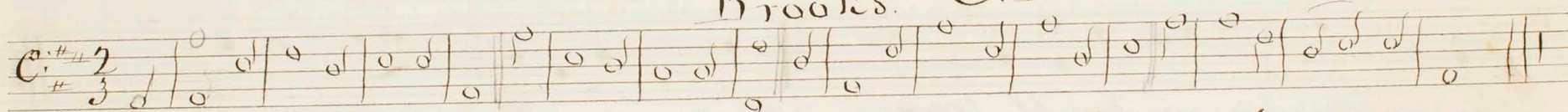
## Hymn Chant. C.M.

A.H.

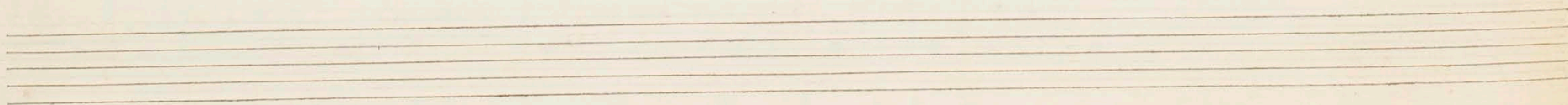


Lord, let us to our refuge fly, Thine arm alone our sure } Do triumph o'er the grave  
 Give us, thro' Christ the victory

## Brooks. C.M.



As pants the hart for cooling stream, } O longing soul, O God, for thee  
 While heated in the chase } And thy refreshing grace.

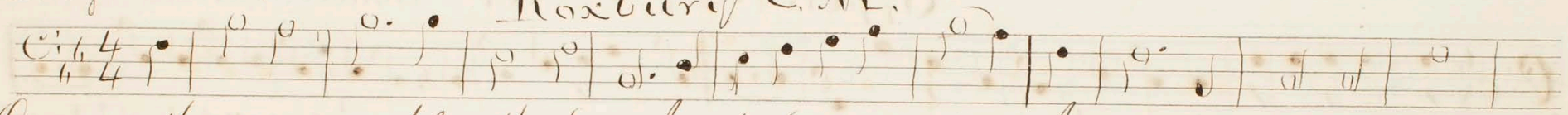




Steady & exact time

Allegro assai,

Roxbury C.M.



Orender thanks and bless the Lord Invoke his sacred name, Invoke his sacred name -

observe the rest

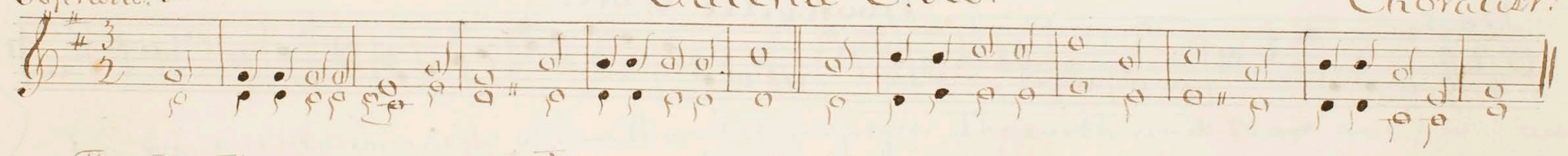


Acquaint the nation with his deeds, His matchless deeds proclaim  
His matchless deeds proclaim

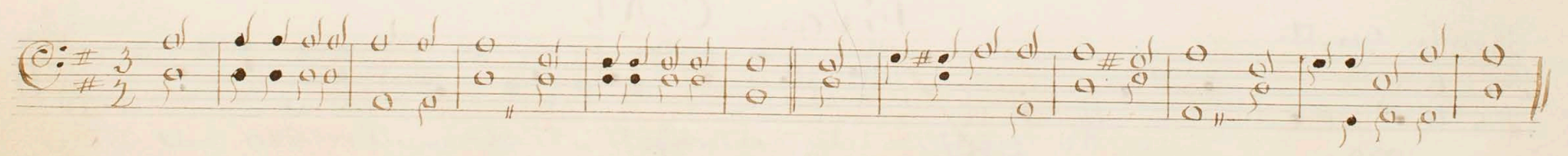
Soprano, Mead.

Galena C.M.

Choralist.

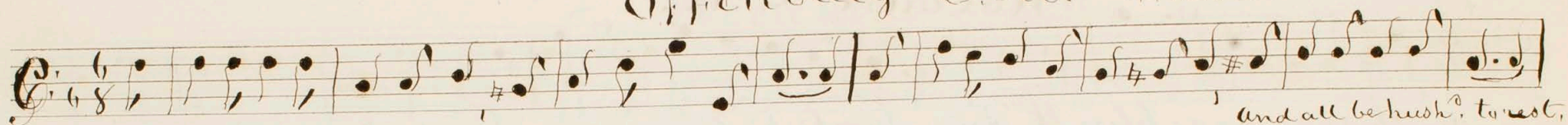


Thou best Redeemer dying Lamb, We love to hear of thee, No music's like thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be.





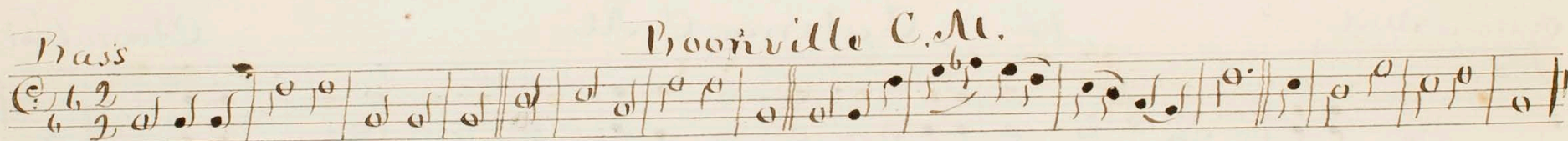
# Offenberg C.M. Double.



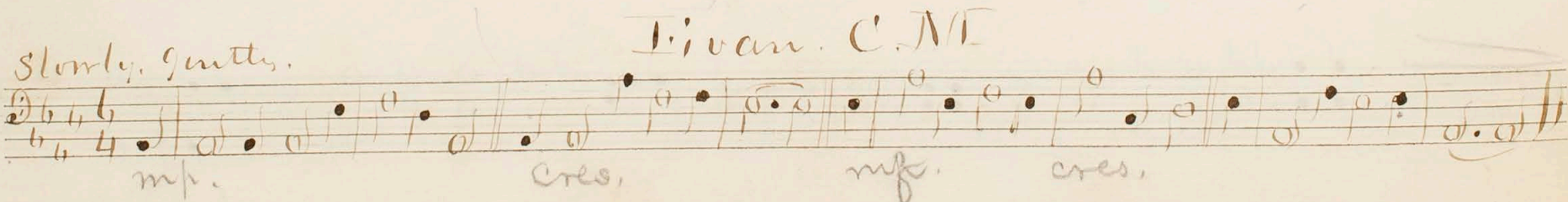
There is an hour of hallowed peace, For those with cares oppressed, When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,  
and all be hush<sup>d</sup>. to rest,



'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And doubts which here annoy, Then they that oft had sown in tears,  
shall reap again in joy.

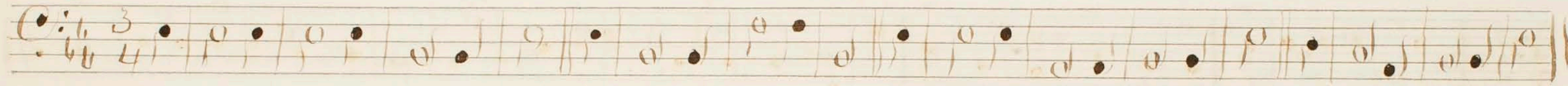


How happy are the souls above, From <sup>sin</sup> and sorrow free! With Jesus they are now at rest, And all his glory see.



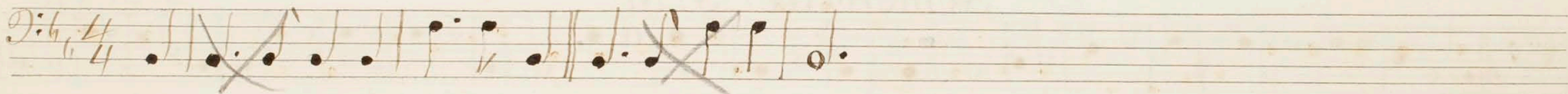


Bass, Moderato, Canada, C. M.

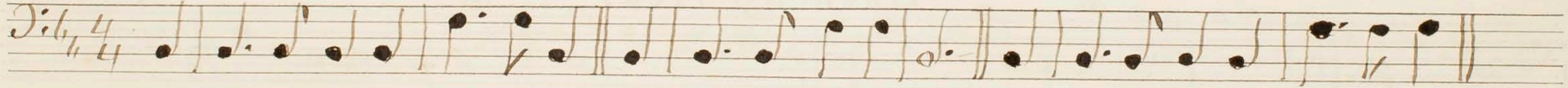


Bass Rhine, C. M.

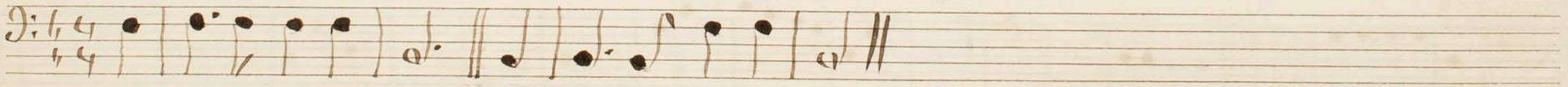
P. Col. 398



Bass, Rhine C. M.



No. What a glorious sight appears, To our believing eyes, The earth and seas are pass'd away.

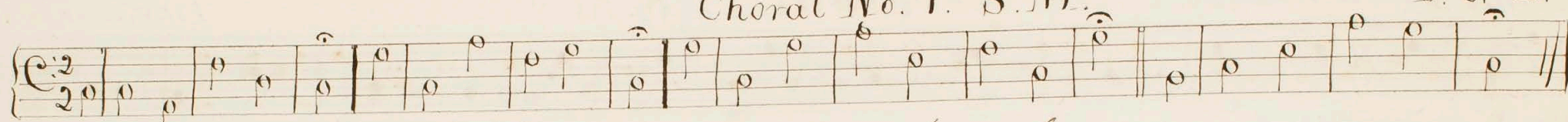


And the old rolling skies, And the old rolling skies,



## Choral No. 1. S.M.

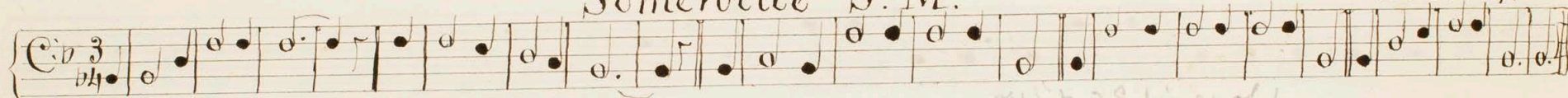
B. C. 25.



Behold the lofty sky declares its maker God,  
And all the stony worlds on high, Proclaim his  
power abroad.

## Somerville S.M.

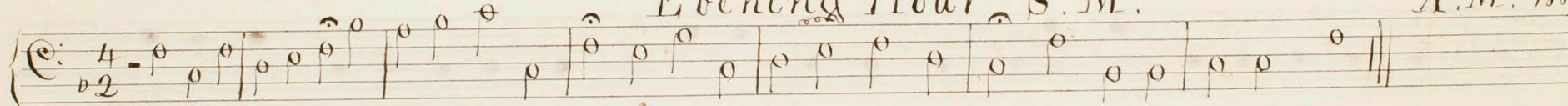
B. C. 89.

repeat 3<sup>d</sup> line of hymn

The God Jehovah reigns -

## Evening Hour S.M.

A. M. 188.



The day is past & gone,  
The evening shades appear, } O may I ever keep in mind,  
The night of death draws near.

## Barrington S.M.

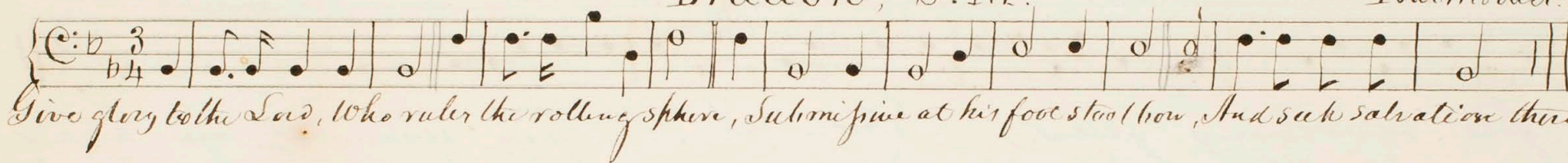


Awake & sing the song of Moses & the Lamb; Wake thy heart & thy tongue, To praise the Saviour's name -  
To praise &c.



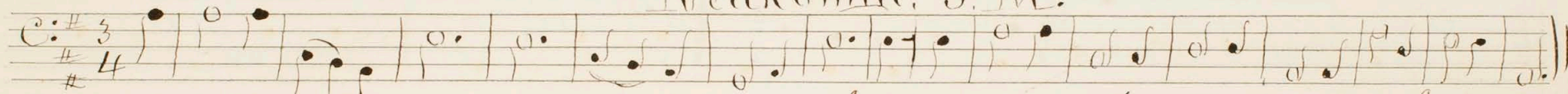
## Braden, S.M.

Psalm 123,



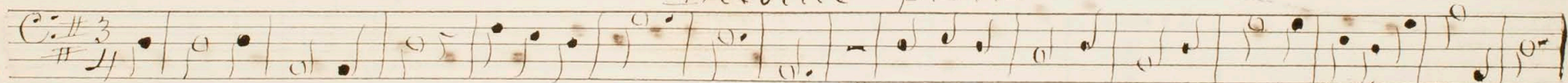
Give glory to the Lord, who ruler the rolling sphere, Submissive at his foot stool bow, And seek salvation there

## Neukomm, S.M.



The Lord on high proclaims His god head from his throne; Mercy & justice are the names By which I will be known

## Belville S.M.

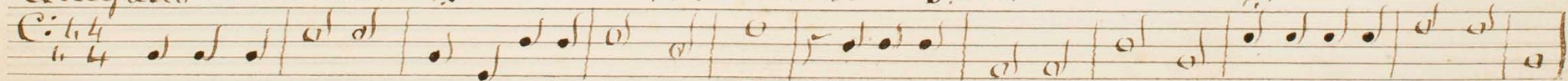


Your harps, ye trembling, saints, Down from the willows take, Loud to the praise of love divine Bid every string awake

Allegretto Moderato.

## Williams, S.M.

Zemmer.



Lord what our ears have heard, Our eyes delighted trace, Thy love in long succession shown, To Zion's chosen race,



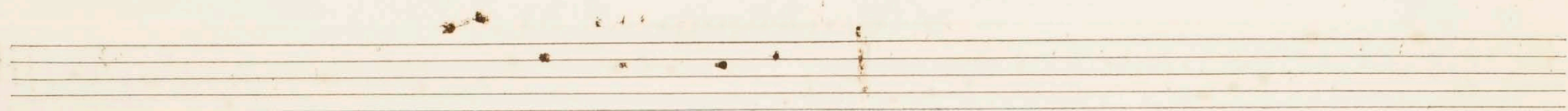
Slow &amp; Safr.

Trane. S. M.

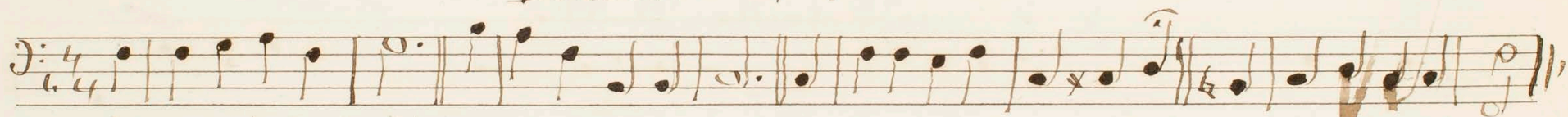
Dim.



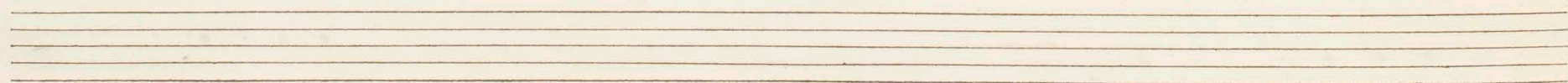
My few revolving years { How short the term of life appears,  
 How swift they glide away, When past 'tis but a day, When past



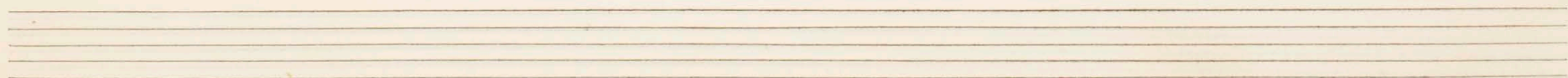
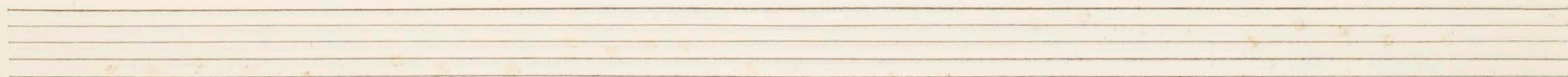
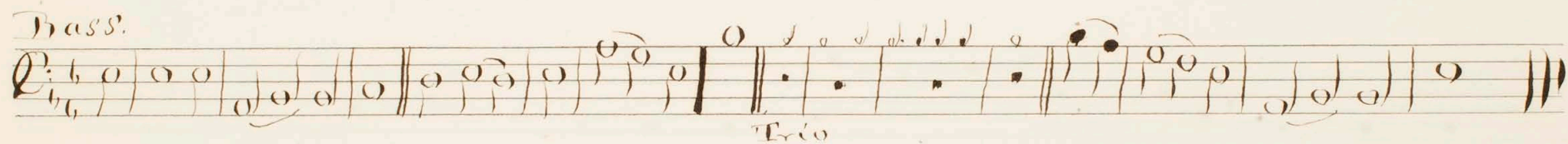
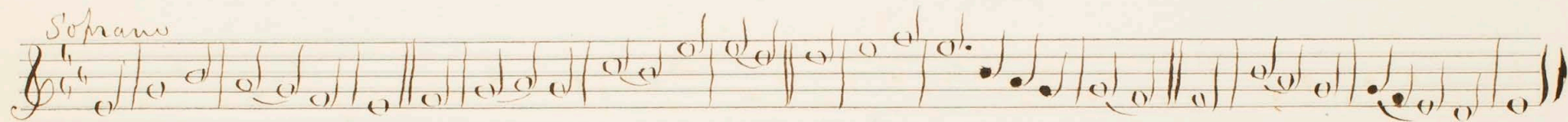
Psalm 144. S. M.



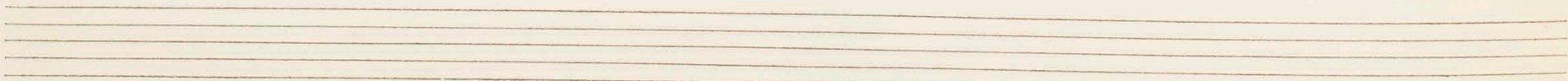
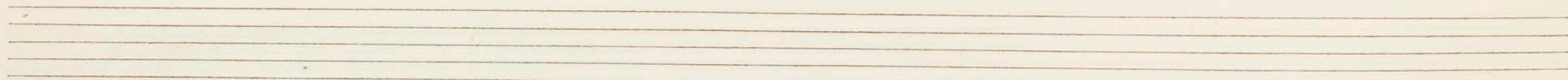
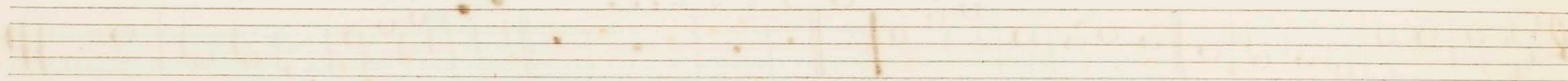
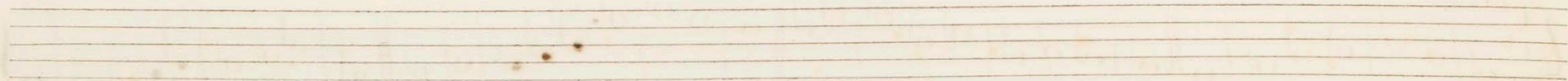
a change to keep I have,  
 a God to glorify, a never dying soul to save,  
 and fit it for the sky,



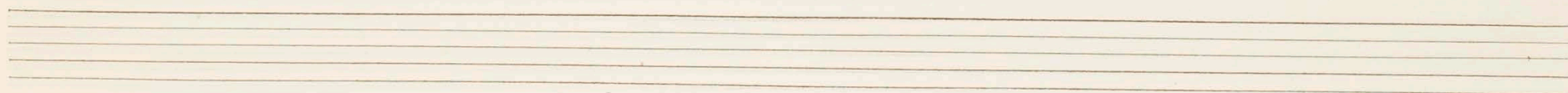
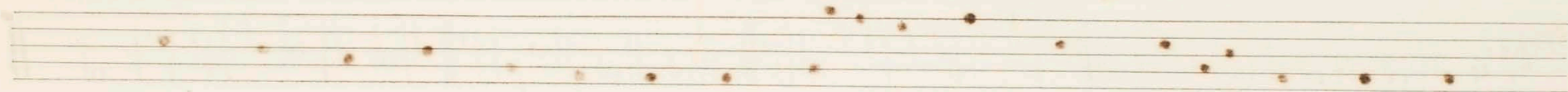
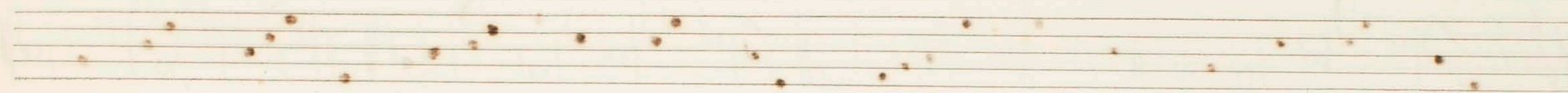








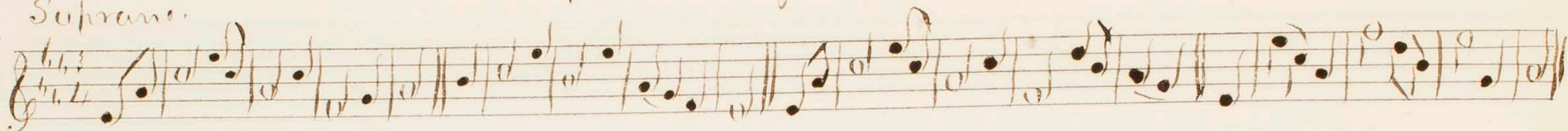




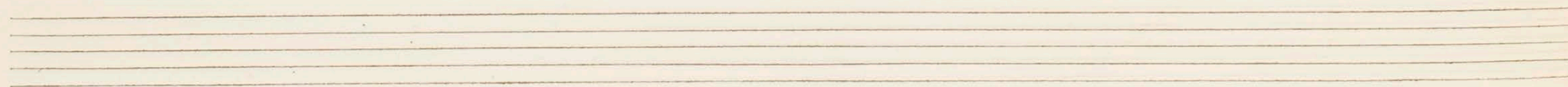
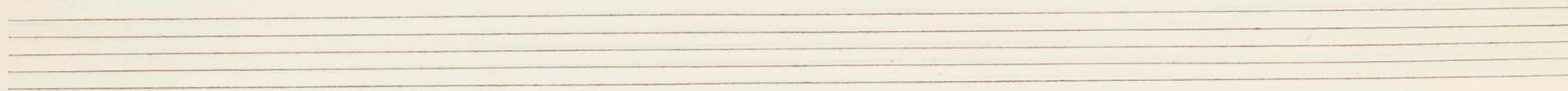


## Wellington L.M.

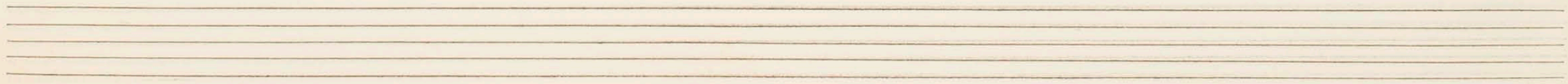
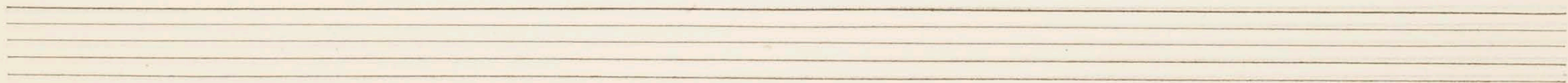
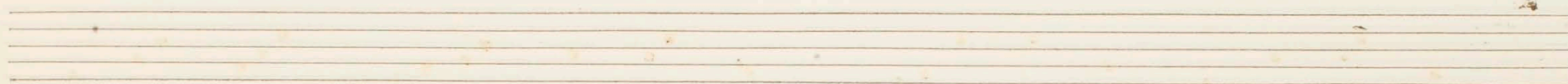
Soprano.



Thy presence Lord, hath me supplied, Thou my right hand support dost give, Thou first shalt with Thy counsel guide,  
and then to glory me receive,

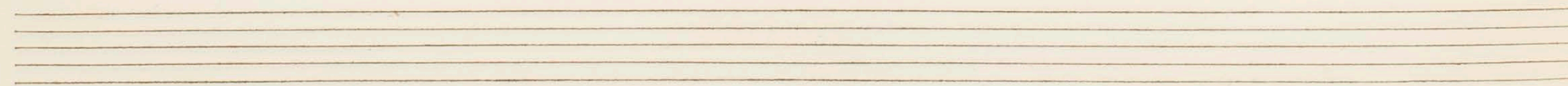
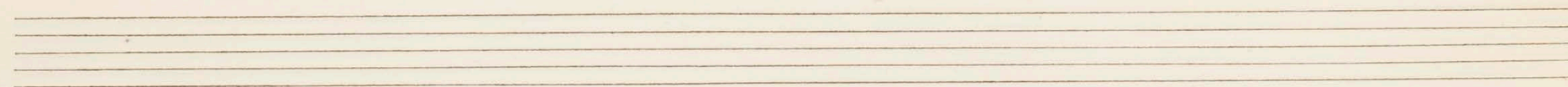
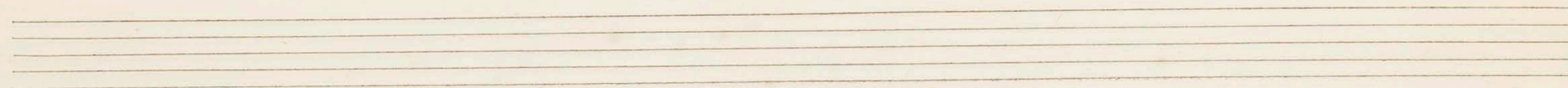
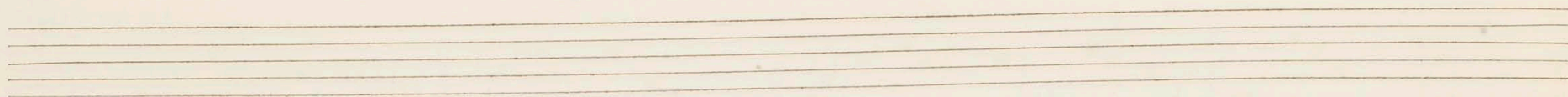


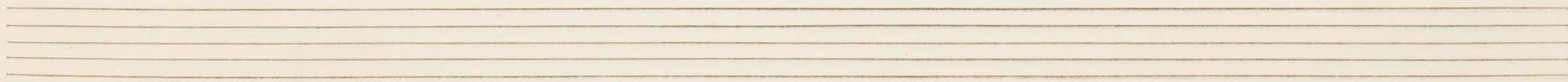
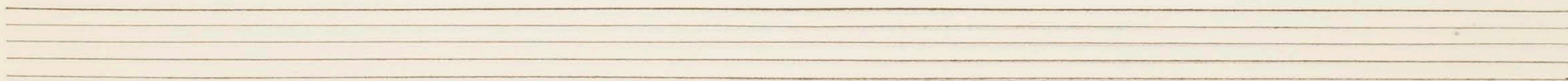
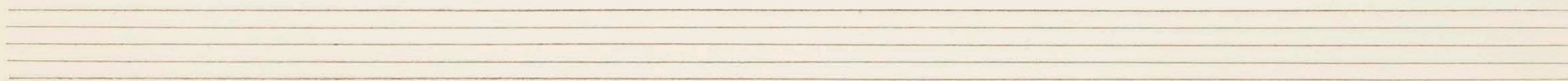






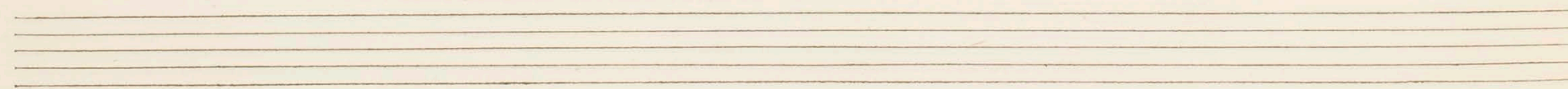
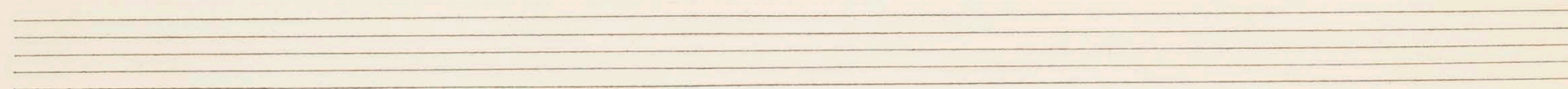
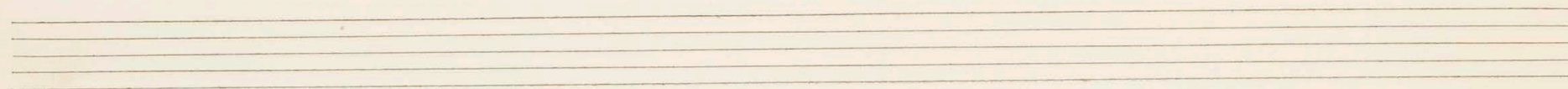
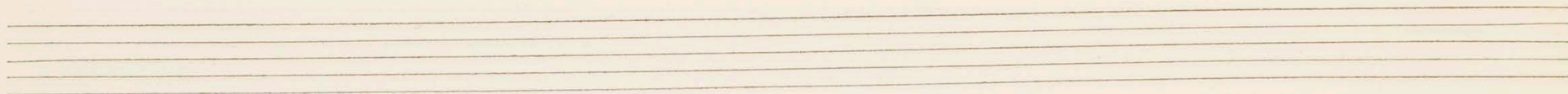
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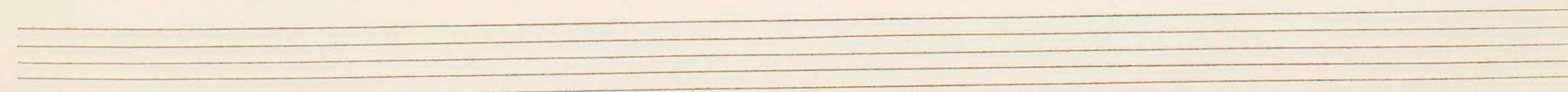
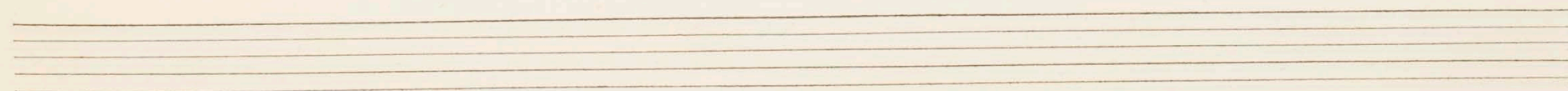
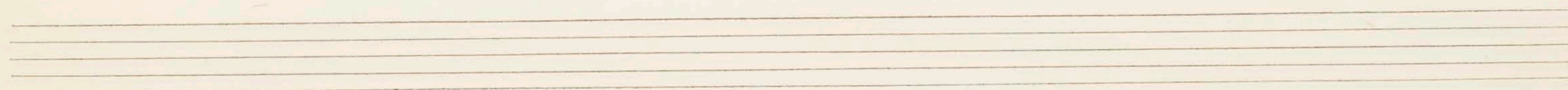
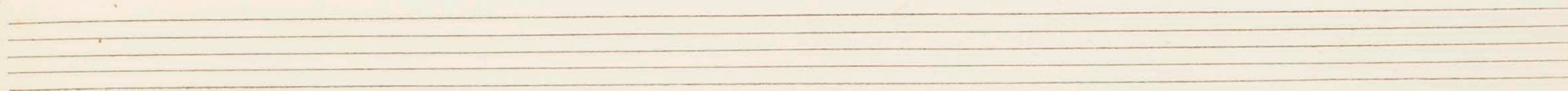






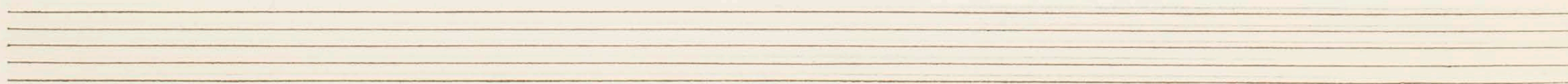
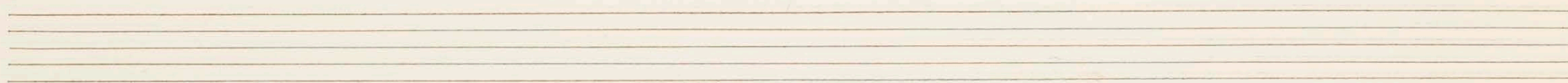
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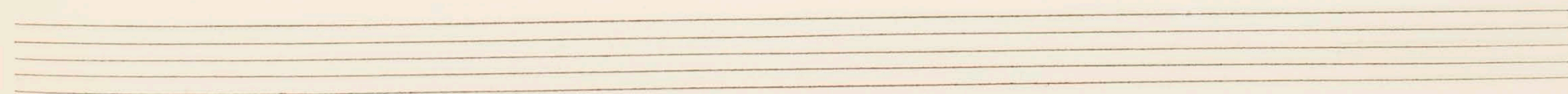
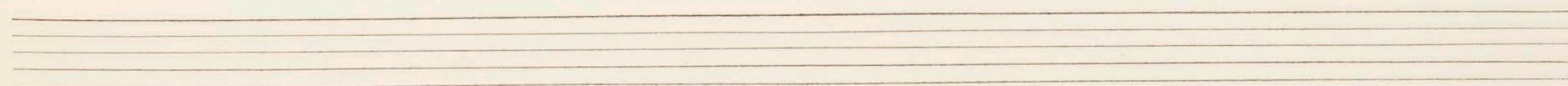
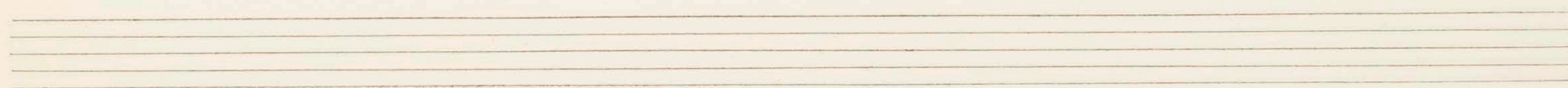
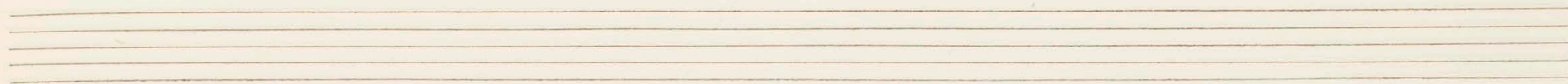




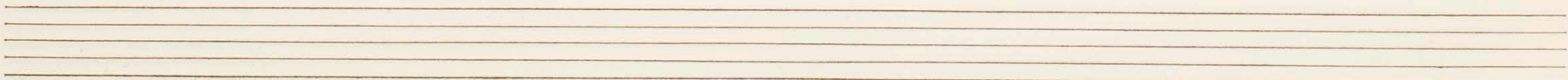


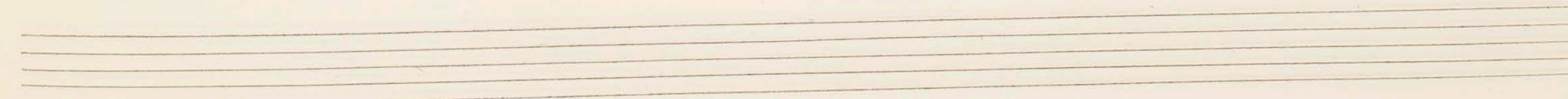
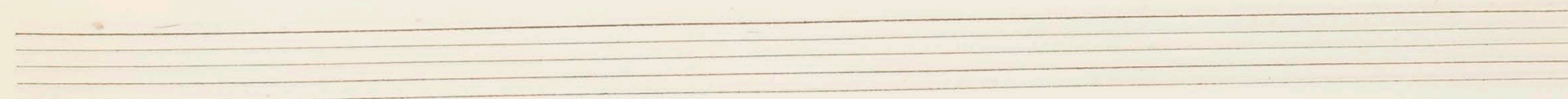
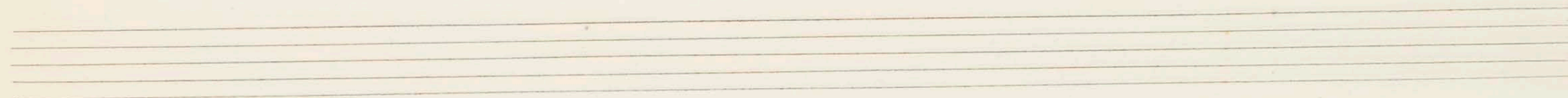
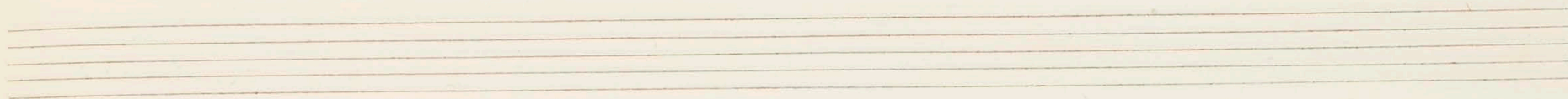
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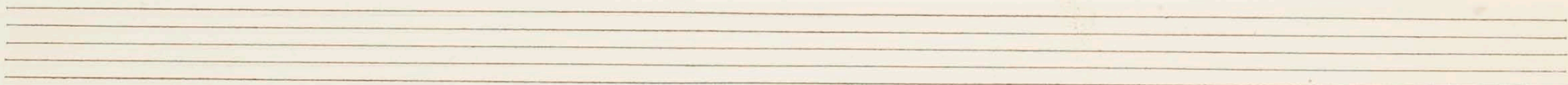
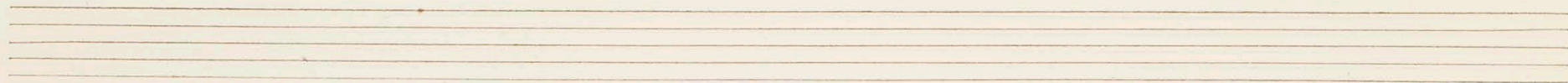


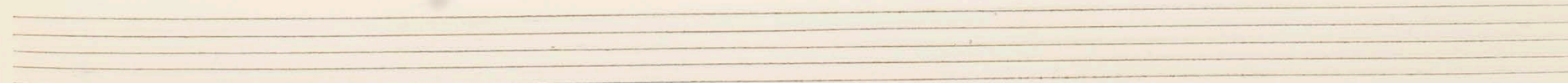
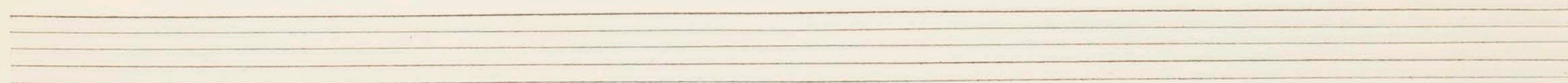
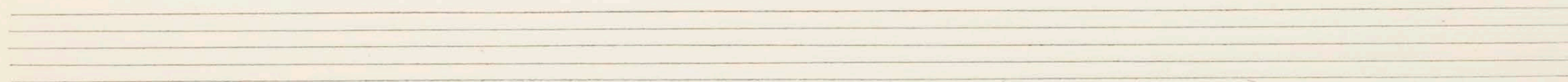
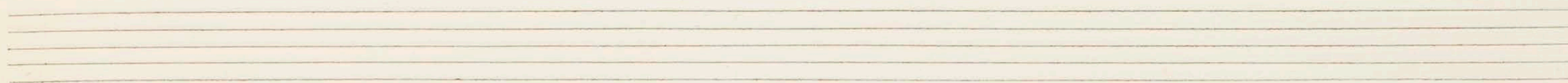




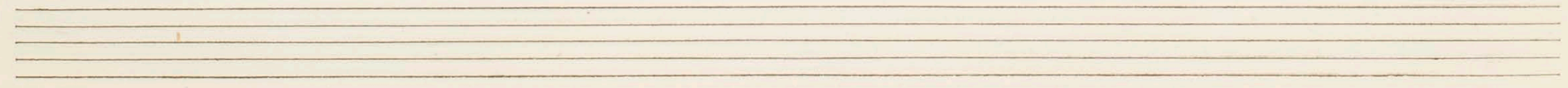
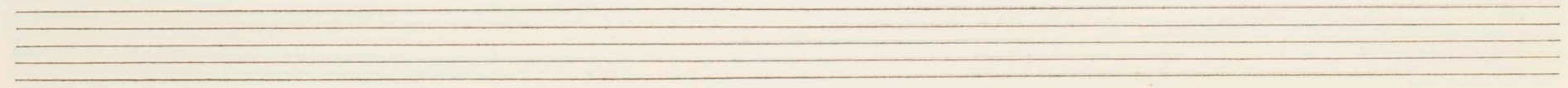
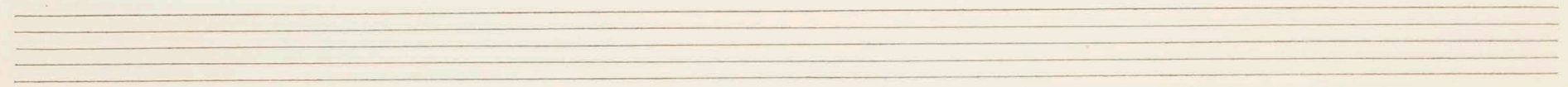
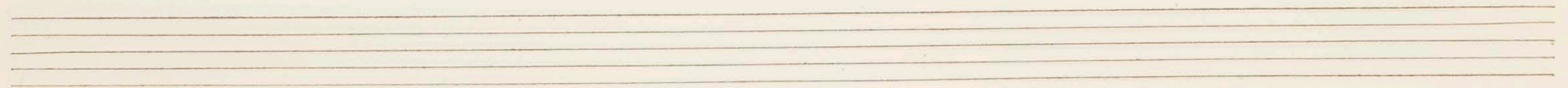


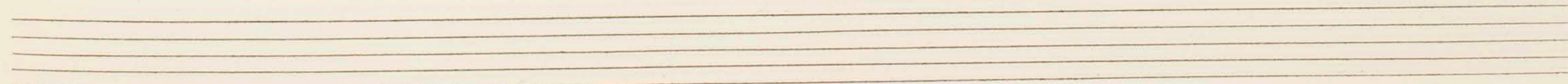
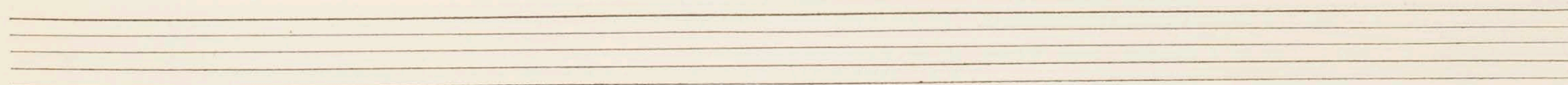
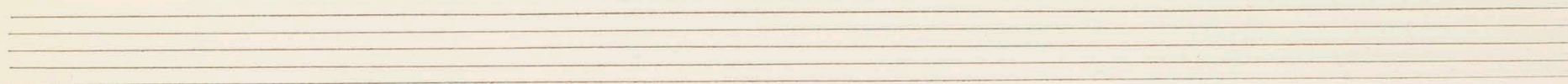
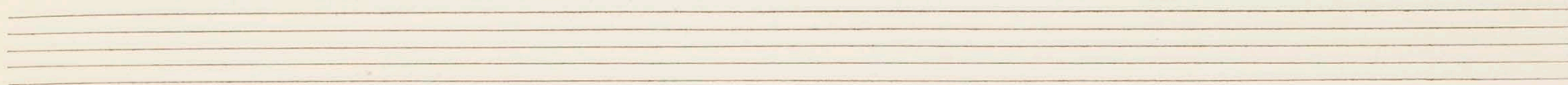




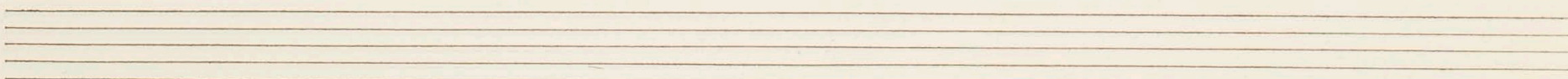
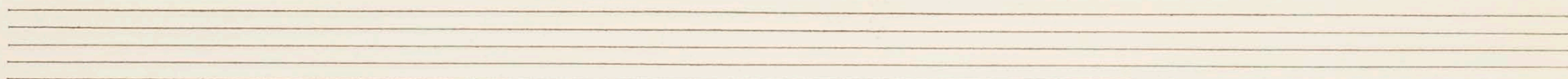
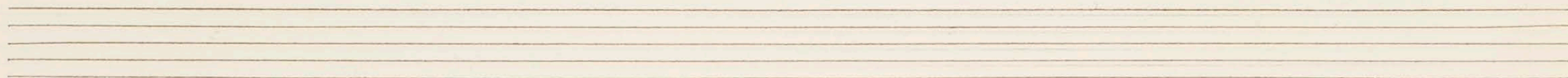


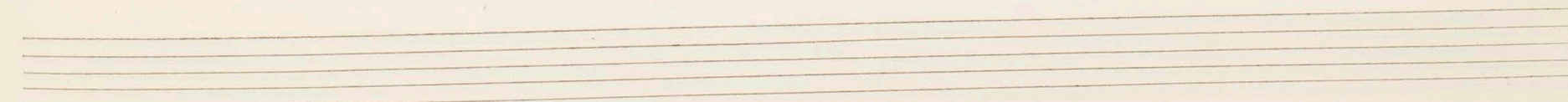
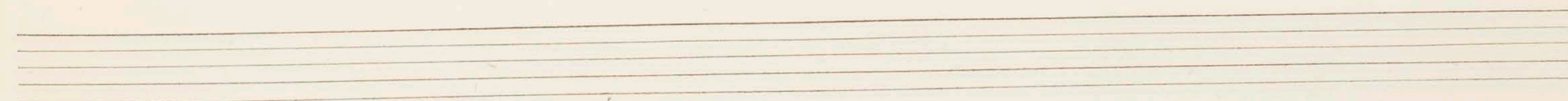
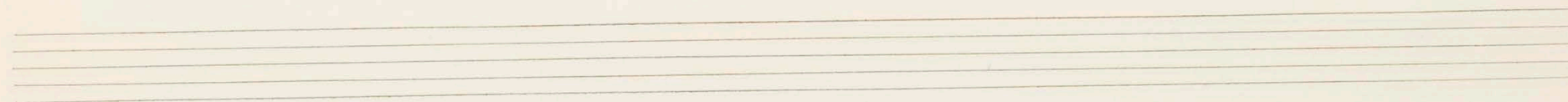
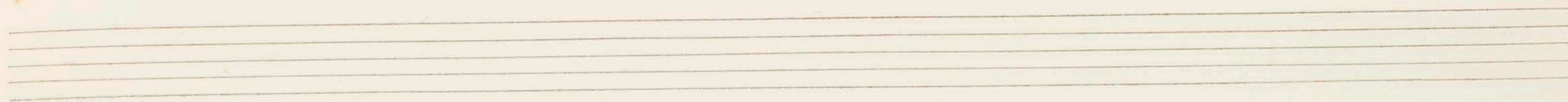






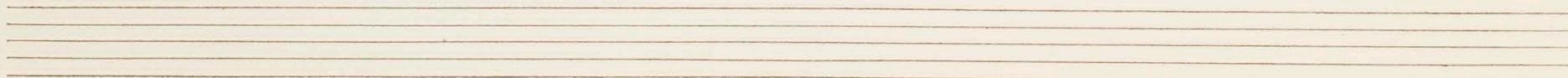
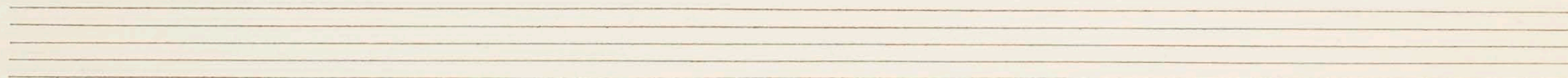
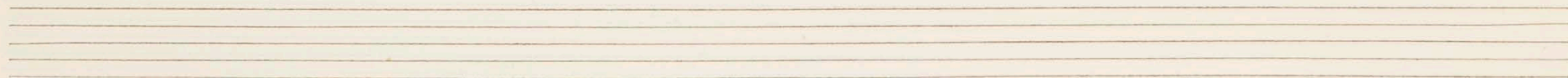


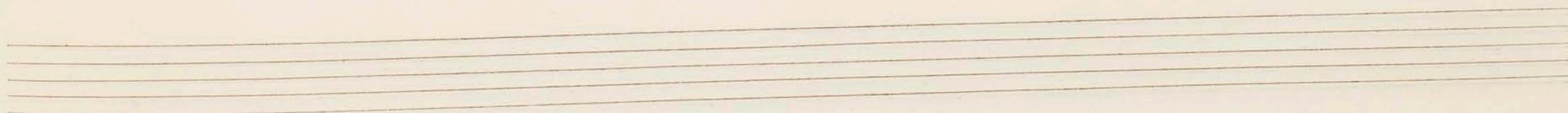
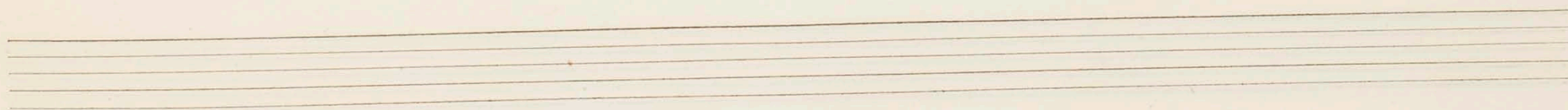
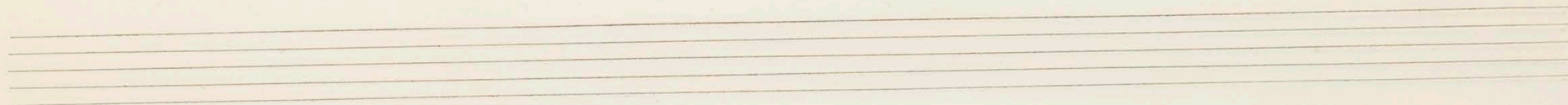
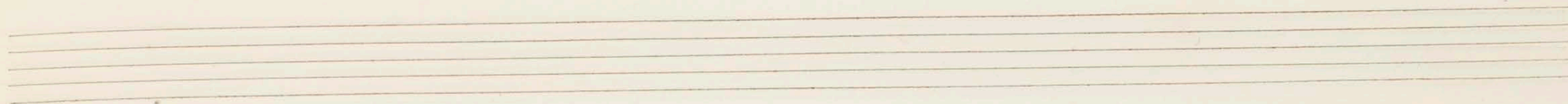




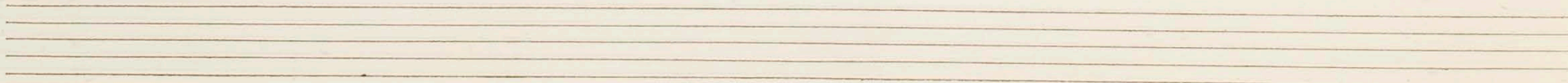
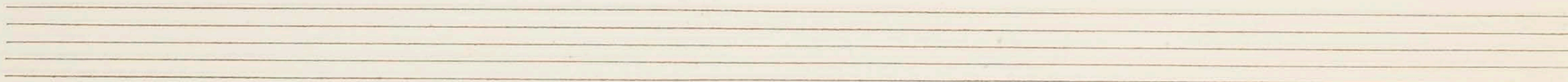
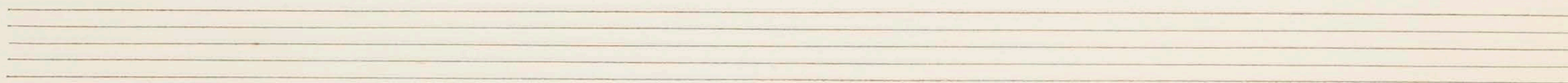
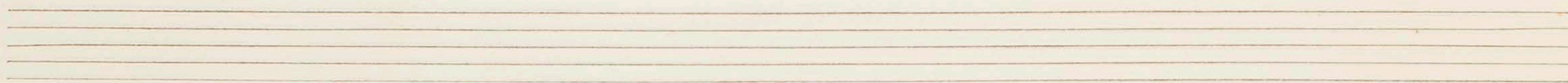


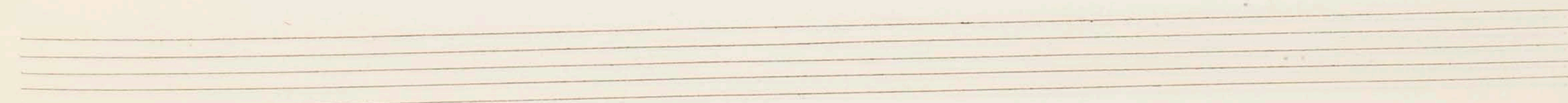
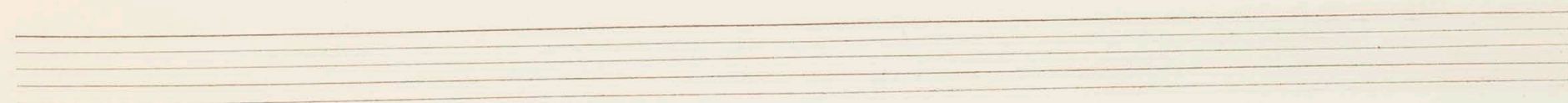
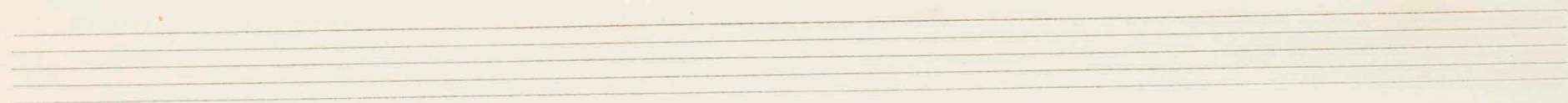
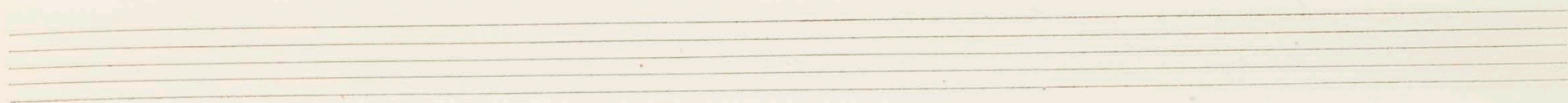
3.6





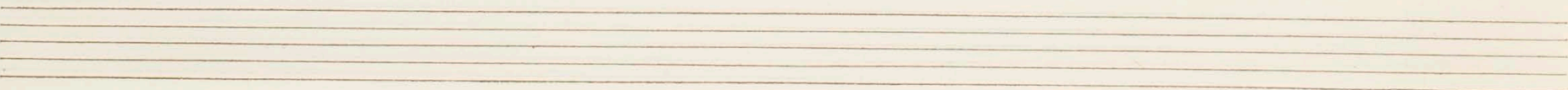
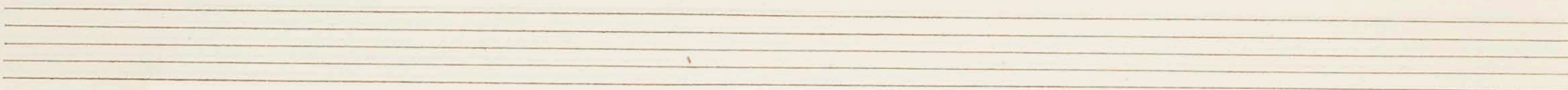
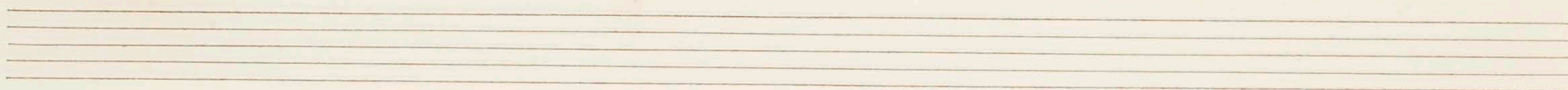
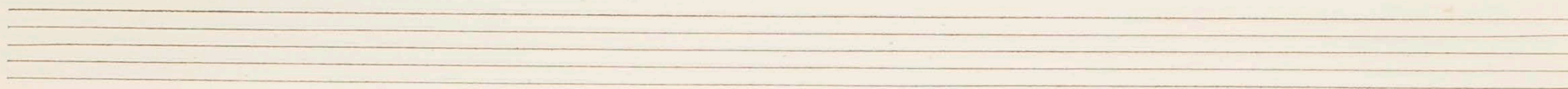


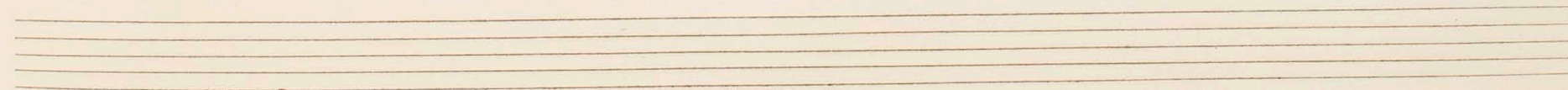
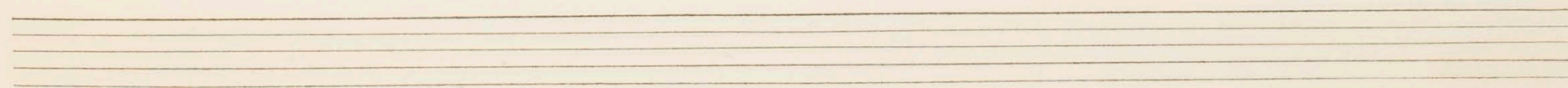
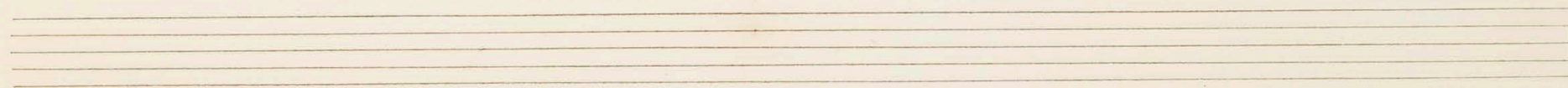
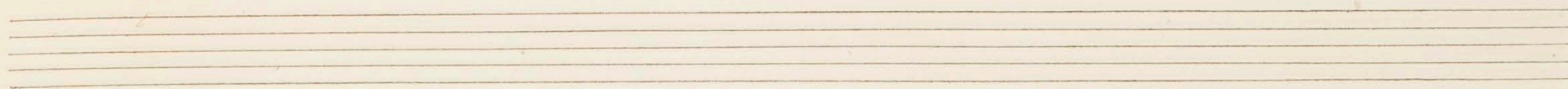




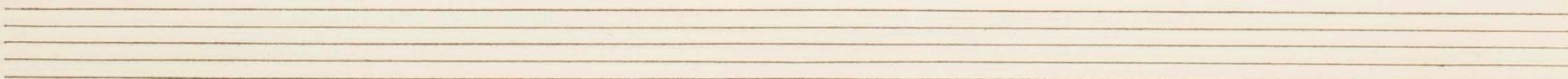
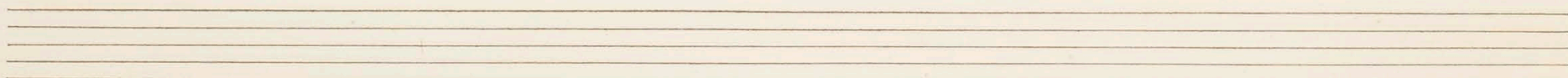
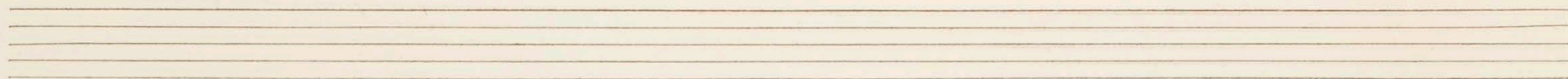


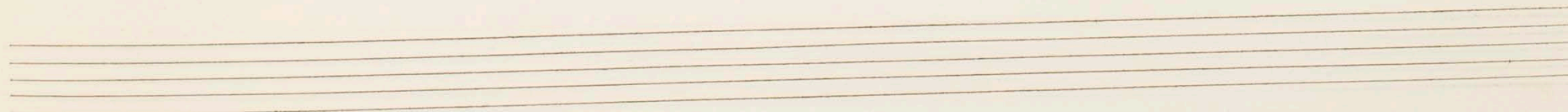
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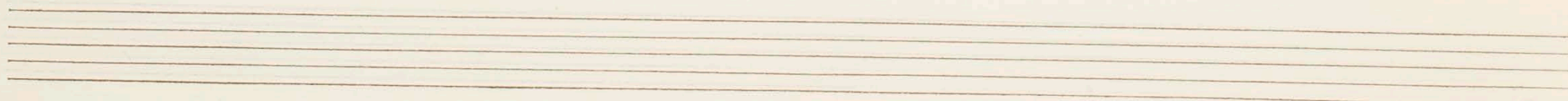
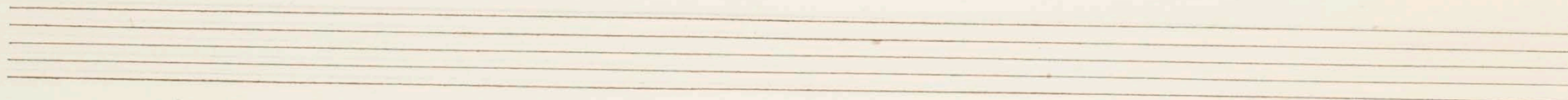
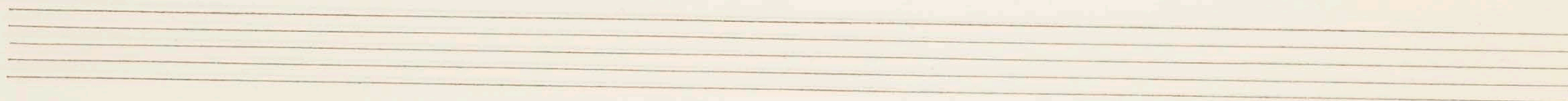
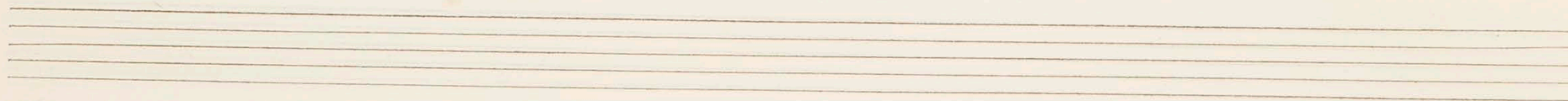


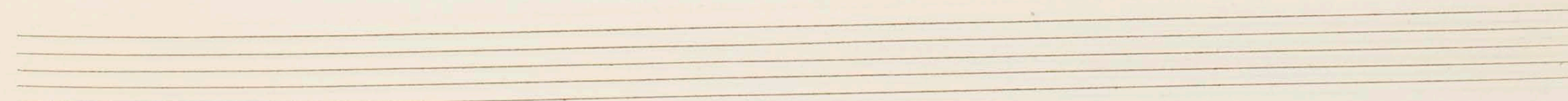
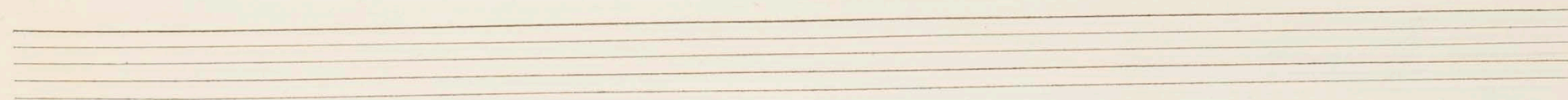
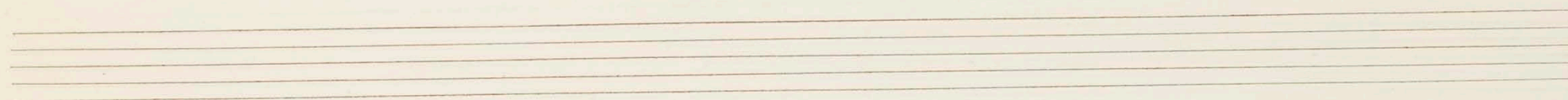
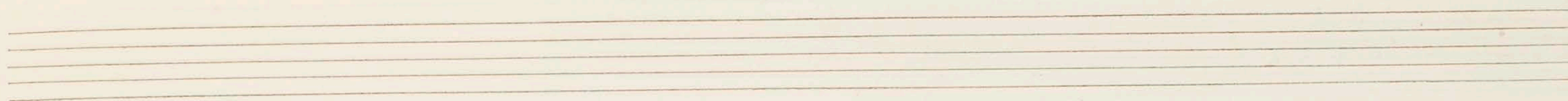






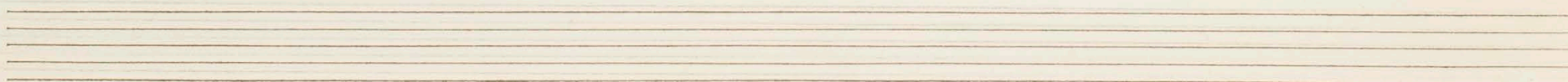
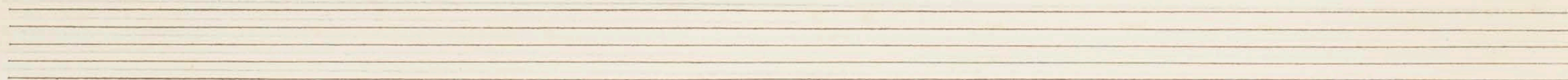
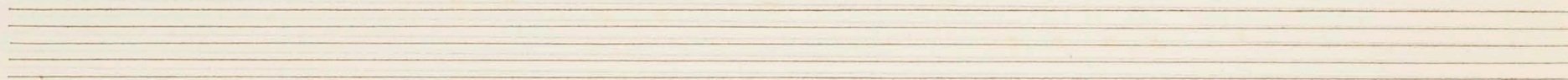
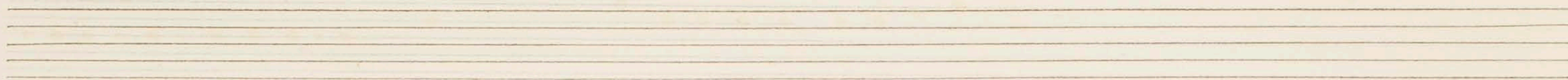








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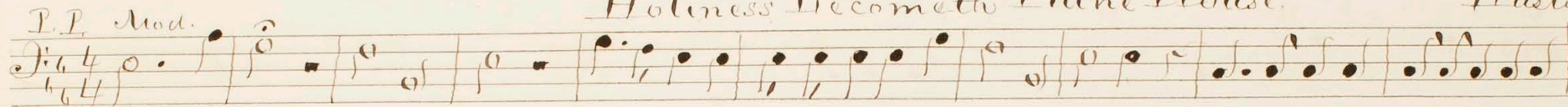


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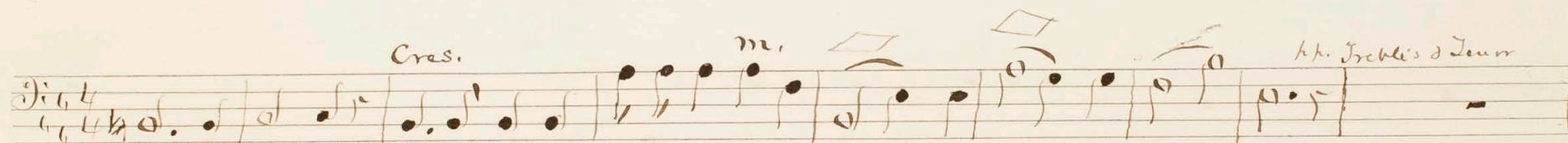
310.

Hustings,

Holiness Becometh Thine House.



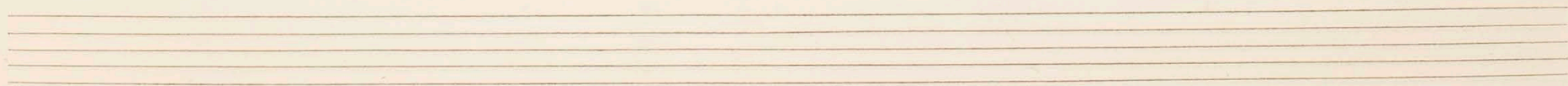
Holiness, ha-li-ness, holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, for ever, Holiness becometh thine house, O



Lord for ever Holiness becometh thy house, O Lord, O Lord for ev—er. . . Holiness becometh thy



name, holiness, holiness becometh thy house, O Lord for ev—er, for ev — er,



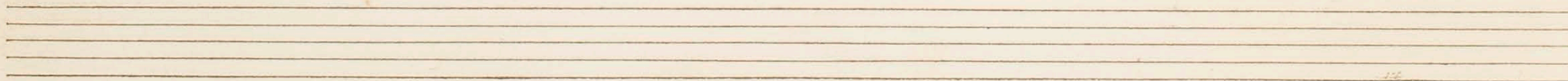


*Allegro F. unison. Through Every Age.* Zemmer.

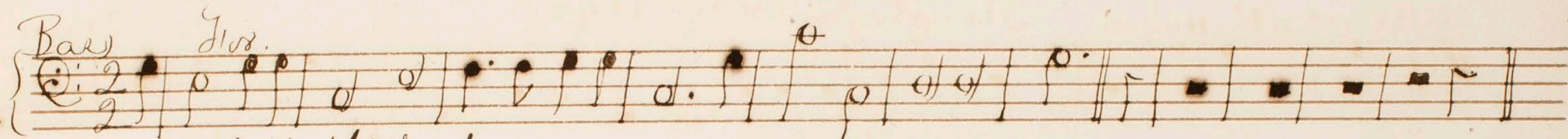
Through every age eternal God. Thou art our rest, our safe abode: High was thy throne, ere heav'n was made, Or

earth, thy humble footstool laid. Long hast thou reign'd, ere time began. Or dust was fashion'd into man. And

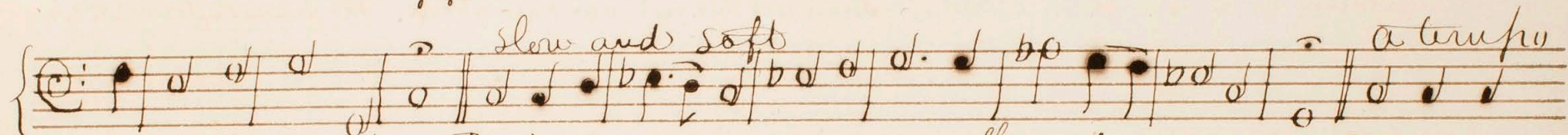
Long thy Kingdom shall endure . . . . . When earth and time shall be no more.



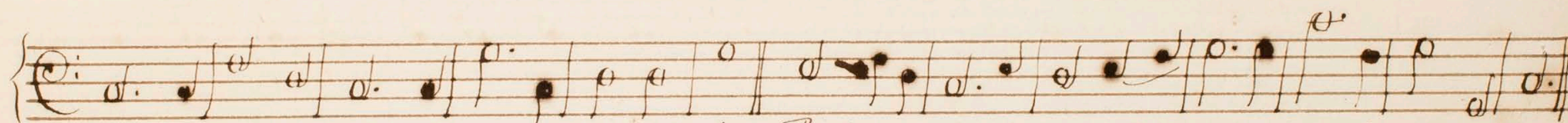




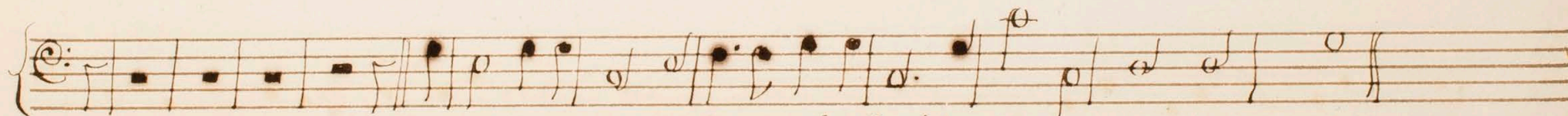
Salvation! Salvation! <sup>let the echo</sup>  
With the joyful sound, 'Tis pleasure to our ears.



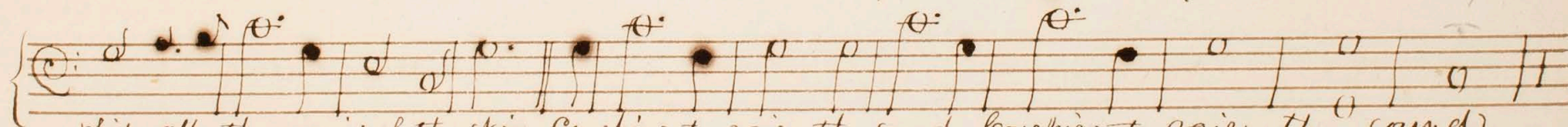
A cordial for our fears, Buried in sorrow and in sin, At hell's dark door we lay, But we a-



rise by grace divine To see a heavenly day, But we arise by grace divine, To see a heavenly day.



Salvation! Salvation! let the echo fly, The spacious earth around,



While all the armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound, Conspire to raise the sound.



